

A Fawcett Publication

SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

MARCH

10¢

NO. 1



Introducing

SMILEY BURNETTE

THE ROOTIN' TOOTIN' WILDEST
SHOOTIN' COWBOY IN THE WEST!

MUSTANG MACK



IS POISON TO HIM!

I HATE TUH GO INTUH THE
GENERAL STORE SINCE THEY
HIRED THAT DUMB
CLERK!



HE ASKS SUCH STUPID QUESTIONS,
HE ALMOST DRIVES ME LOCO! BUT I
RECKON I'LL HAVE TUH GO IN! THERE'S
NO OTHER PLACE TUH BUY
PROVISIONS!



HOWDY,
MUSTANG
MACK!
HOW'S
EVERYTHING?



NOT SO GOOD! A
BUNCH OF RATS HAVE
SETTLED IN MY
BARN!

IS THAT
SO?

YEAH! THAT'S
WHY I'M HYAR!
I WANT SOME
RAT POISON!



SHORE! WILL
YUH TAKE IT
WITH YUH?

WILL I
TAKE THE
RAT POISON
WITH ME?
NO--



--- I'LL SEND THE
RATS HYAR FER IT!





SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
C. V. WOODS

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
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ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

SMILEY BURNETTE and The TRAPPING of SPIKE-NOSE NED

A COWTOWN, IN THE OLD DAYS, WAS USUALLY A QUIET, DROWSY PLACE, SO NATURALLY THERE WAS CONSIDERABLE STIR IN ROCK HEAD TERRITORY WHEN FLAGS FLAPPED AND DRUMS BOOMED FOR A STREET PARADE!



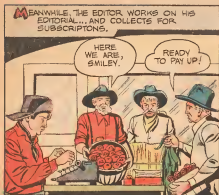
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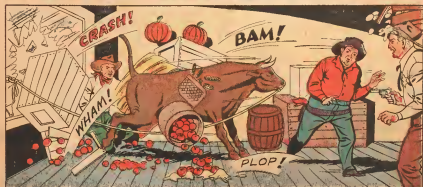
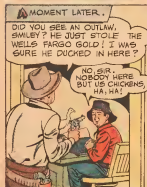
MR. SMILEY BURNETTE!!!

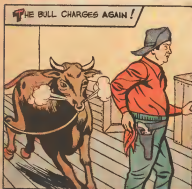


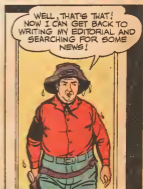
THE HERO! THE MAN OF THE HOUR! THE PUBLISHER, PROPRIETOR, EDITOR, PRINTER, REPORTER, AND CHIEF OFFICE BOY OF BURNETTE'S BUGLE, **MR. SMILEY BURNETTE!**

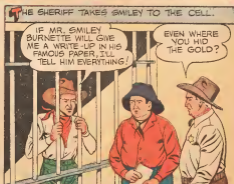












SMILEY IS SO EXCITED OVER THE PROSPECT OF A BIG SCOOP THAT HE AGREES, WILLINGLY.



ALL RIGHT, STICK 'EM UP AND CALL THE SHERIFF!



WHAT IS HUH? THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS OR I'LL PUT HOLES IN THE FAMOUS EDITOR!



THE LAWMAN HAS NO CHOICE.



THE TABLES ARE TURNED.



HERE'S THE KEY, IN CASE YOU EVER NEED IT, HA, HA!



AFTER THE OUTLAW LEAVES.

NO USE! I CAN'T REACH IT!

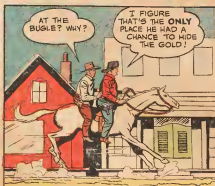
HEY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



WHAT'S THAT?

PROOF PAPER! WE'LL GET THE KEY WITH THIS!







RED EAGLE

THE NEW CHIEF!



WHEN THE GREAT WIND SWEEPED DOWN UPON THE INDIAN CAMP, IT LEFT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE. BUT OUT OF THE CHAOS ROSE A NEW CHIEF. BRAVE, WISE AND FEARLESS; A NEW CHIEF WHO BORE THE NAME—**RED EAGLE!**

AT THE CAMP OF THE CANUGA TRIBE, SOME OF THE BRAVES SPEAK OF THE OLD CHIEF, TATU.

OUR CHIEF, TATU, IS HEAVY WITH AGE. SOON HE MUST CHOOSE A SUCCESSOR. HE HAS NO SONS TO SUCCEED HIM! I WONDER WHO OF US IT WILL BE.

YOU PERHAPS, BLACK FEATHER, OR THEN IT MIGHT BE MYSELF!



JUST THEN A TALL, YOUNG BRAVE SPEAKS OUT, HIS VOICE FILLED WITH ANGER—

SHAME ON SUCH TALK, BLACK FEATHER! I, RED EAGLE, SAY YOU SHOULD BE SAYING MAY OUR CHIEF, TATU, LIVE MANY YEARS YET, INSTEAD OF TALKING OF WHO SHALL REPLACE HIM!





BUT THE OLD CHIEF IS NOT ANSWERED, AS SUDDENLY, ON THE HORIZON ---

LOOK, THERE ON THE HORIZON, A TORNADO!



IT COMES QUICKLY THIS WAY! IT WILL BE UPON US IN NO TIME!



BRAVES, GET THE SQUAWS AND CHILDREN! TAKE THEM TO THE FOREST!

NO, GREAT CHIEF, I ASK TO DISAGREE! IF EACH QUICKLY DIGGS A SHALLOW HOLE AND LIES FLAT IN IT, THEY WILL BE SAFER!



PERHAPS YOU SPEAK WISELY, RED EAGLE!

NO, TATU! HE IS TOO YOUNG TO HAVE WISDOM! INTO THE FOREST, AS YOU HAVE SAID, CHIEF. I HAVE OFTEN SEEN THESE GREAT STORMS. WE ARE SAFEST IN THE FOREST!



I MUST HEED BLACK FEATHER'S WORDS. THEY COME FROM A HEART OLDER WITH KNOWLEDGE, TO THE WOODS--QUICKLY!

HIS WORDS COME FROM A HEART WHICH AGREES ONLY TO PLEASE YOU! BUT, YOUR DECISION IS MY LAW, O CHIEF--TO THE WOODS IT WILL BE!

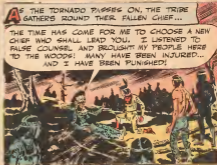


THE TRIBE FLIES INTO THE WOODS AND SEES THE TORNADO QUICKLY STRIKE THE EMPTY CAMP...



BUT WHEN THE GREAT STORM STRIKES THE FOREST TIMBERS, BLACK FEATHER'S WORDS OF SAFETY ARE SEEN TO BE FALSE, AS ---





RED EAGLE IS THE NEW CHIEF OF THE CANUGAS! OUT OF A STORM, HE HAS BECOME LEADER! WHAT OTHER STORMS AWAIT HIS REIGN? DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE NEXT ADVENTURES OF--RED EAGLE!

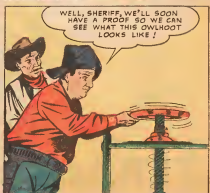
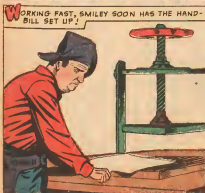
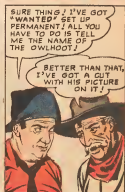
SMILEY BURNETTE

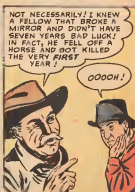
and **DIRTY DABBLE**
the **DASTARDLY**
DOUBLE

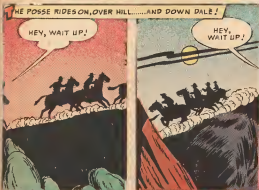


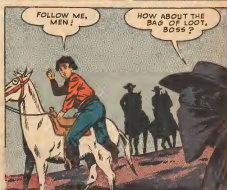
Some folks think Nature played a mean trick on **SMILEY BURNETTE** when she gave him *THAT FACE!* But it was even meaner when she gave the *SAME FACE* to that Daring, Despicable Desperado, **DIRTY DABBLE!**











LET 'ER LAY! WHERE WE'RE GOING WE WON'T NEED THAT PIFFLING AMOUNT!

THE BOSS MUST HAVE A REAL BIG JOB LINED UP!

HEH-HEN! THEY DON'T KNOW I MEAN THEY WON'T NEED IT IN JAIL!

BUT THE REAL DIRTY DABBLE ARRIVES!

I'LL BE A BIG HERO!

I SHOULD HORSEWHIP YOU COYOTES FOR THINKING HE WAS ME! HE WAS LEADING YOU INTO A TRAP!

HE SAID HE WAS DIRTY!

SHOULD I SHOOT HIM, BOSS?

NO! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!

DIRTY DABBLE OUTLINES HIS SCHEME...

YOU STAY HERE AND GUARD HIM. I'LL GO INTO TOWN AND PRETEND TO BE HIM! HIS NEWSPAPER OFFICE WILL MAKE A PERFECT HIDE-OUT!

LATER, SMILEY WORKS HIS GAG LOOSE!

HEY, GUARD! IF YOU'LL UNTIE MY HANDS, I'LL SET YOUR NAME UP IN PRINT!

WHAT KIND OF TRICK IS THIS?

BOON...

YOU'RE LUCKY! I HAD ALL THE LETTERS OF YOUR NAME IN MY POCKET!

LET ME SEE!





COMIX CARDS
 appear in
SMILEY BURNETTE
 FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
ROD CAMERON
 IN
Rod Cameron
 ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND!
 Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard





OWLHOOT JUSTICE

By Joseph Millard



RACE LOGAN camped that night where a mountain stream wandered down from the timberline. He built a small fire and hunkered over it, watching the bacon curl and darken in the frying pan. His young face, pale from two years of gloom in a prison cell, was taut with bitterness. His dark eyes burned with a hatred that smouldered on the dry kindling of memories. His strong hands clenched into tight, white-knuckled fists, and a shudder ran through his lean body.

"Two years," Race Logan whispered savagely into the fire. "Two years of waiting and hating. But now I've got a lifetime to pay off."

Somewhere in the outer darkness a twig broke. Race whirled and was away from the fireglow, deep in the shadow of the trees before the echo of that snap had died. His hand went to his hip and then dropped away. They had given him back his few belongings when the prison gates opened—everything but his gun. The warden had faced him coldly. "Men like you," he said, "won't have any trouble getting another gun. You won't get it from us."

Another twig snapped out there and suddenly Race's eyes caught a darker shadow across the fire. A man was standing there under the trees, and fireglow touched the dull sheen of a gun in his hand. He looked like a big man, bulky and shapeless among the dancing shadows, a figure of grim menace.

Race spoke through set teeth. "Whoever you are, come away from that tree. I see you and you're covered. Let your gun drop and show yourself."

"Covered with what?" a mocking voice said in Race's ear. "Your finger, sonny?" Something cold and hard dug into Race's back and urged him forward into the firelight.

There were two men. The big man who had made the noises purposely to hold Race's attention, was an unshaven brute of a figure. Cruelty and greed etched his face. His companion, who had slipped around to cover Race, was small and dark and vicious-looking.

They shoved Race down beside the fire and squatted, looking at him. The big man spoke at last. "Who are you? What are you doing up here?"

"Logan's the name. Race Logan, and I'm cooking bacon."

The big man knocked Race backward with a swipe of one huge paw. "Don't get lippy," he said without rancour. "I asked questions."

Race got up again, breathing hard. "All right, Mister. My name is Race Logan. I'm a jailbird.

I just finished serving two years for helping out on a holdup I never even heard of. Now I aim to make up for two years down there the best way I can."

The eyes of the two men sharpened at his words. The smaller man said suddenly, "Is Ben Exerly still guard on the west wall?"

"I don't know any Ben Exerly," Race said coldly. "Old Alex Ames has been guard on the west wall for years, they tell me."

Both men relaxed visibly. The smaller one slid his gun away. The big man held out a hand. "No offense, Logan. I'm Cash Conners, and this here is Steamer Wales. Maybe you've heard of us."

Race started. "Yeah! Leastwise, I noticed your names on some Wanted posters around town when I rode through. Seems you gents got taking ways when it comes to other people's banks and express offices."

Cash's laugh rumbled in his chest. "You hit it. Now you know why strangers up in this back country don't get a quick welcome. But I guess you're all right. They took your gun, I see. I got a few extras down at the camp. You can pick out one." He scratched his chin thoughtfully. "So you were framed into prison, huh?"

Race nodded. "Some masked bandits stuck up a bank where I was cashing in some gold dust. When I stopped one of the slugs that was flying around, one of the bandits shoved a money sack into my pocket. When I came to, I was in jail charged with being one of the gang. Nobody knew me so I couldn't prove I wasn't. Now I got the name, I figure I might as well take the game. Anywhere I try to get a job, they'll find out I'm a jailbird."

"You got the right idea," Cash said. He stood up. "Never mind that burned bacon. Come on down with us. We eat good grub."

HALF an hour later Race was eating heartily, in a small cabin tucked into a blind canyon high above a mountainside. He wore a gun on his hip now and, he had been accepted by Cash Conners and the dark, deadly Steamer as a new recruit for their banditry.

His blank, impassive face showed nothing of the conflict going on in his breast. Through the lonely two years in jail he had brooded bitterly on his fate. He had made up his mind that when his term was served he would turn bandit. What

else was there for a man with a jail record behind him. No matter where he went he was bound to meet others who had seen him in prison. Society had no place for jailbirds. What else was left for him but the Owlhoot Trail—the dark byways of crime?

"Well?" Cash broke the silence. "You decided yet about throwing in with us, Logan? We could use a third hand."

"Could be," Race said shortly. "What's on the fire?"

"A bank," Cash said. "Down in Mesquite Bend. There was a gold strike back in the hills and the place is bulging with cash. All we gotta do is walk in at noon, lock the door and blow the safe. We got dynamite here. We got everything here, and no law-dog ever set eyes on this place."

"Count me in," Race said. He fought down a pang of regret. He had told himself that it would be easy to turn bandit. But somehow, the actual taking of the step was like a blow in the pit of the stomach. He had to fight down a revulsion against the crude, vicious killers who would be his companions from now on.

He got up and took a few steps back and forth across the floor. His boots kicked aimlessly at the legs of a chair, at the bunks that set against one wall. Cash and Steamer watched him, knowing what was going on in his mind, waiting for his decision. If he agreed to go through with it as he had just promised, he was all right. But if he changed his mind now, there would be no backing out. He knew their secret hide-out. He could not change his mind now and live.

A resentful anger filled him. He had wanted to settle down, to build up a small spread and be an honest rancher. Now that was all behind him. The step he had taken now was the fatal step. But it had been forced upon him by injustice. It was not of his doing.

HE TURNED sharply and his boots caught a small chest lying half out from under one of the bunks. The chest rolled out and tipped over. The lid flew open and a mass of papers rolled out. There were some stock certificates, bonds, legal-looking papers—bank loot they had had no way to cash in.

"Sorry," Race said and squatted down to stuff the papers back into the chest. A bundle caught his eye. He read the name on the topmost paper—Canyon Bank and Trust Company. A cold chill went through him.

Race straightened swiftly. Cash and Steamer were on their feet now, facing him, their bodies tensed, their hands hanging close to their guns.

Race's lips drew back from his teeth. "So it was you? You were the ones who robbed the Canyon bank that day. And you were the ones who stuffed a money sack into the pocket of an innocent bystander. You figured he'd get the blame and give you time to make your getaway."

"So now you know," Cash said softly. "What do you aim to do about it, Logan? We had no idea it was you until just now. We were only stalling for time to get clear, ourselves. We've done that lots of times. You'll learn to do it. Sheriffs figure it's easier to sweat the truth out of some poor guy than to go out chasing us."

And Steamer added, "If you got any idea you don't like it, now's the time to make your play."

Race laughed. "I've already made it." He nodded beyond Cash and Steamer, toward the cabin door. "I guess that's all the evidence you fellows need, isn't it? Take 'em over."

It was done so naturally that both Cash and Steamer half turned toward the doorway. And in that moment, Race's hand dropped to his gun. He hurled himself sideways, firing, and lead tore through the bunk where he had stood.

He shot and saw the vicious Steamer fold and fall. He shot again and saw Cash Conners' mouth open in a hoarse yell of pain, as a slug smashed his gun arm below the shoulder. Then it was all over and Race Logan, unhurt, smiled down at the two bandits and holstered his gun. "Thanks, boys. Thanks for straightening me out."

He rode into Canyon at noon two days later. Behind him two bound and bandaged figures drooped sullenly, tied to the saddles of their own horses. A packhorse, trailing behind, held two chests of loot and evidence gathered from the hide-out cabin.

RACE rode up to the Canyon bank and dismounted. A grizzled sheriff, the same one who had arrested Race long before, ran from his office next door to stare at the scene. Race grinned at him. "Remember me, Sheriff? I brought along a couple of pals of yours who have a story to tell."

The sheriff stared and remembered and his eyes went wide. "Well, dog my cats, son. You did all right, boy. Did you know there's a reward of ten thousand dollars on these two polecats? Two years in jail is a long time, son, but five thousand a year to pay for it isn't bad wages. Now is it?"

"Not bad at all," Race said, and his face sobered. "Not half as bad as the wages I almost aimed to collect."

THE END

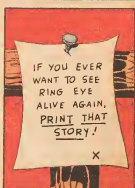
SMILEY BURNETTE *and* REVENGE for RING EYE



Every good westerner loves his horse! But the pair that are really true-blue pals are SMILEY BURNETTE and his faithful steed, RING EYE! Naturally, when Ring Eye gets horse-napped, Smiley is r-ready to r-risk his life to r-r-recover him!









TERRIBLE VISIONS ASSAIL THE EDITOR, AND THERE SEEMS TO BE NO WAY OUT!



EDITOR SMILEY WORKS FAR INTO THE NIGHT PREPARING THE NEXT DAYS EDITION!

PRICE
ON OUTLAW'S
HEAD
FIVE CENTS

BURNETTE'S BUGLE

APRIL 1

WEATHER
HOT IN JANUARY
VOL. 34-12345

SILVER LODE DISCOVERED IN AWFUL CHANCE MINE

OLD WHISKERS GETS BIG STRIKE

A rich vein of silver was discovered this week by

AMAZING COW
scientists are baffled by the amazing cow on the Bar-Q ranch because

CATTLEMEN LOVE SHEEP RAISERS
Contrary to popular belief, cattlemen









HALFWIT



**HACK
RIVER MAN!**

GOSH, I HAVEN'T
CAUGHT ONE FISH
YET!



MUH LINE IS MOVING!
I RECKON I GOT A BITE!
YIPEE!



I WON'T LET THIS ONE GET
AWAY---OOPS! I'M SLIPPING!
HELP! (GLUB, GLUB)



(SPLUTTER, SPLUTTER)
HEY, PARDNER! HELP
ME OUT OF HYAR,
PLEASE!



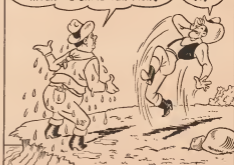
HUH? SHORE! I'LL
BE WITH YUH IN
A SECOND!


TSK, TSK, HOW'D
YUH COME TUH
FALL IN THE
RIVER?



(SPLUTTER,
SPLUTTER)
HUH?

I DIDN'T COME TUH FALL IN THE
RIVER--- I CAME TUH FISH!





DON'T LAUGH,
YOU OWLHOOTS!
I'M A ONE-MAN
ARMY AND
ARMIES **ALWAYS**
TRAVEL ON
THEIR
STOMACHS.!

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THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: 1980s

For Sale #887

May 28, 2014



For Sale #887, page 1 of 1